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THE
Republican
PROCESSION;
OR, THE
Tumultuous CAVALCADE.

A Merry
P O E M.

By Samuel Johnson



Printed in the Year 1714.

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PROCESSION

OF THE

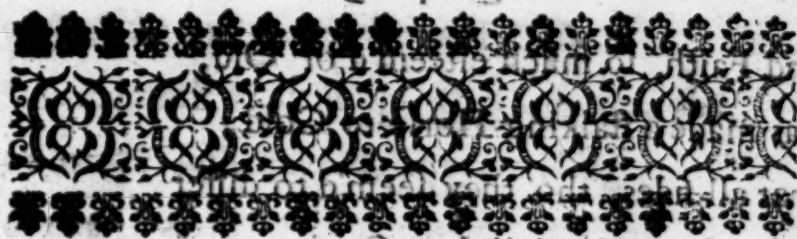
THIRTIETH CAVALRY

A MAY

PROCESSION

2087
492

Printed in the Year 17



T H E
Republican
PROCESSION;
 O R, T H E
Tumultuous Cavalcade, &c.



IN Times of Libelling and Squab-
 (bling,
 When Fools in Politicks were dab-
 (bling,

And Knaves of no Church were Pretenders
 To be Religion's best Defenders ;
 Till boasted Zeal had in Reality
 Expung'd all Vertue and Morality,

And Faith, so much esteem'd of Old,
 Was made a stalking-Horse to Gold ;
 That all fides, tho' they seem'd to differ
 About some nice religious Cypher,
 Yet in the main agreed to pray
 (Like modern Saints) the *gainfullest* way,
 Who to their Intrest and their Ease
 Conform their *tender* Consciences,
 Holding it sinful to be serving
 The LORD in any Cause that's starving ;
 Taking at all Times special heed
 To pray as cunning Lawyers plead ;
 That is, but slightly, when they find
 Heav'n does not see them to their Mind.

In these Fanatick Times there reign'd
 A QUEEN that did the Faith defend,
 Of all Her Sex the very best,
 Yet greatly injur'd and oppress'd

By

By Faction and her envious Brood,
 Who find most Fault with what's most Good,
 And never will have done pretending
 To mend, alas, what needs no Mending,
 Tho' like dull Critick, or Translator,
 They make Things worse, instead of better
 Yet have the Vanity the while
 To think they're bright'ning what they spoil:
 O'er this Enthusiastick Race
 Of Saints, and others full as base,
 The best of Ladies was appointed.
 By Heav'n to rule, as GOD's Anointed.
 Happy were all in such a QUEEN,
 Or so, at least, they might have been,
 Had they but had the sense to've known
 The Vertues that possess'd the Throne:
 But thro' Ingratitude or Blindness,
 Ill Use was made of all Her Kindness,
 And groundless Faults, by wicked Men,
 Reflected falsely on Her Reign;

Tho'

Tho' mighty Favours she had flung
 On faithless Friends that did Her Wrong,
 And always was the most betray'd
 By Minions that Herself had made;
 As if Ingratitude at Court
 Was thought no Crime in any sort,
 And Treachery from Time to Time
 The Courtiers only way to climb,

Among the crafty Crew of Great
 Pretenders to the Tricks of State,
 Who waited round the Throne, in order
 T' attend their Sov'reign, and to guard Her:
 There was a Noble *Fighting* Lord,
 Whose Deeds not only of the Sword
 Have in our *Gazettes* been recorded,
 As well as lavishly rewarded,
 But all his virtues, by the Month
 Of Fame, been spread from North to South;

His

His faithful Service to his Prince
 Who rais'd him from the Ground long since,
 And sav'd him from the gaping Waves,
 When Hundreds made the same their Graves;
 The wond'rous Courage that he shew'd,
 As well as Love and Gratitude
 To his kind Master, at a Time
 When down-right Treason was no Crime,
 And when he wanted Friends that durst
 To've done their Best, and stood the worst,
 Such Friends as would have ventur'd their Skin
 Against the *Flemish* Boors in Bear Skins;
 His Justice to his Master's Daughter,
 Who rais'd him up so High soon after,
 And made his Partner, in the sequel,
 Her Confidant, in short, Her Equal,
 And chose the *Trusty* Lord to be
 Her noble Champion *Cap-a-pee*,
 Forgetting quite how well his G——
 Had serv'd Her Father in Distress,

His

His thankful Gratitude, when Great,
 To Her who rais'd him to his State;
 And all his *kind* Attempts, in vain,
 To ease Her of Her careful Reign:
 I say, these *Grateful, Goodbehaviours,*
 In Ratribution of Her Favours,
 Accompany'ng such Pers'nal Valour,
 That never yet was tax'd with Failure,
 But wisely to a purblind Lord
 Had like to've shewn it self at Sword,
 That ev'n the dimmest Eyes might see
 His bold undaunted Bravery;
 I say, such Vertue, so much Merit
 Inherent in so brave a Spirit,
 Could do no less than win the Publick,
 And make his Pride a little Oblique;
 However, aiming to aspire
 As high as Monarchy, or higher,
 And fancy'ng he could rule the State,
 As well as *Roll* of ancient Date,

By

By *Zara's* Management he reckon'd
 To be an *Oliver* the Second,
 Fore-knowing that his wife *Director's*
 Would make an excellent *Protector's*,
 Or prove a very useful Wife
 To a Lord General for Life.
 But of sudden, all their Hopes
 Are baffled, and the Project drops;
 Their Royal Mistress found 'em out,
 And smelt the Plot they were about,
 Reproach'd th' ambitious Pair together,
 And sent 'em packing, *God knows whether*,
 Remov'd Her Sword, obtain'd a Peace,
 Reliev'd Her Kingdoms in Distress;
 And that which vex'd the Faction worse,
 To safer Hands convey'd the Purse,
 And would have done (had *Some* been hearty)
 More Wonders for the Loyal Party;
 But as between the Cup and Lip
 Things unforeseen will often slip;

So Death was pleas'd to interpose
 And gratify the Nation's Foes,
 By cutting short a milder Regia
 Than Faction e'er will find again;
 For none that ever rul'd the Roast,
 Less Ease, or greater Fame, could boast;
 None labour'd more for *England's* Good,
 Repay'd with such Ingratitude,
 Nor *QUEEN* o'er stubborn Race
 E'er suffer'd more, or punish'd less;
 But yet no sooner was it known
 That Heav'n had snatch'd Her from the Throne,
 But Envy made Her Death her Sport,
 And seem'd well pleas'd at the Report;
 Whilst the glad *Whigs* reform'd their Faces,
 And chang'd to Smiles their late Grimaces,
 Advanc'd their Stocks, cry'd Heaven's bless Her,
 And rung loud Peals to Her Successor,
 Who was proclaim'd, as Princes ought,
 With wondrous Joy surpassing Thought;
 Which

Which Tidings flying round, as fast
 As Winds and Seas could give 'em hast,
 Soon brought our slighted Champion over
 From Foreign Shores, back to Dover
 Thence moving on in Princely Pomp,
 Like any Doll to meet a Kump;
 Till he at length to Town was brought,
 Hoping to be *the Lord knows what*;
 And how he enter'd *London City*,
 I'll tell ye in the following Ditty.

The Pompous Cavalcade.

AS cruel Nero triumph'd o'er
 His Lifeless Mother heretofore,
 And shamefully expos'd the Womb,
 That brought the Monster into Rome;
 To shew their Madness much the same,
 Our *quondam* Champion, and his Dame,
 In mighty Pomp, the other Day,
 Came in t' insult their Mother's Clay

That is, a **QUEEN**, who'd been in troth
 A Nursing-Mother to them both,
 And made 'em, as 'tis understood
 By all the World, more Great and Good.

From *Kent*, where they dispens'd their Bounty
 To win the Rabble of the County,
 And bribe the Rural Looby Louts
 To change their Hissles into Shouts,
 They mov'd in State to *Kent-freee* End
 With scarce a Follower or a Friend,
 Besides the Civil-Lift our Lord —
 Protector landed from a Board:
 But here a mottl'd prick-ear'd Troop
 Of Horse were drawn in Order up,
 Consisting of a factious Crew
 Of all the Sects in *Roffe's* view,
 From *Calvin's Anti-Babylonians*,
 Down to the Frantick *Muggletonians*
 Mounted

Mounted on founder'd Skins and Bones,
 That scarce could crawl along the Stones;
 As if the *Round-heads* had been robbing
 The Higglers Inns of *Ball and Dobbin*,
 And all their Skeletonian Fits
 That could but hale along the Streets :
 The frightful Troop of thin-jaw'd Zealots
 Curs'd Enemies to Kings and Prelates,
 Those Champions of Religious Errors,
 Looking as if the Prince of Terrors
 Was coming with his dismal Train
 To *Plague* the City once again.

Before this inconsistent Throng,
 In solemn Order march'd a long
 A File of Liv'ry Men or two
 On Horseback, cloath'd in German Blue
 To shew the *Whigs*, that tho' they led 'em,
 Their Masters ready were to head 'em.

Behind

Behind these blue Dragoons, cut out
 To serve on Horseback, or on Foot,
 Advanc'd a *Brewing Knight* notorious
 For Actions foolish and inglorious,
 An excellent Doctor, well as *Warder*,
 To cure or keep *Madmen* in Order,
 Or, by sequestering what they've got,
 To make Men mad, in case they're not,
 Nor is this Noble Knight less Valiant
 Than any *Court-Garden Gallant*,
 But claims a Place among Bravadoes,
 For paying Bills with *Baseness*,
 And tearing Notes himself has made,
 Before they're satisfy'd or paid,
 Besides, as other Knights have kill'd
 Their Dragon-Foes in open Field,
 And conquer'd Giants, in Defence
 Of Ladies and their Innocence;
 So has our Knight vouchsaf'd to thwack
 A surly Carman's sturdy Back,

And

And prick'd his Thill Horse in the Anse,
 To shew himself a Son of Mars;
 So laid him sprawling him on the Ground,
 With one victorious bloody wound;
 And all because the Brute they say,
 Refus'd to give the Knight the way.
 Thus do some Champion win Renown,
 By Deeds of Prowess they have done,
 Whilst other Knights who fear to face
 Like Dangers, dwindle to Disgrace.

Next to the Knight there rode a true,
 Blue Cobbling Protestant St. Hugh,
 So call'd because the Saint is made
 The Leather Patron of his Trade;
 These Wooden Bones he worships more
 Than God, his Church, or Sovereign Power
 Or any thing except his Glorious
 Triumphant Idol so victorious,

Adore'd

Ador'd by all the Gentle Craft
 That work in Garrets up aloft;
 As well as Cobbling Sots that Breathe;
 Her Praises out in Stalls beneath.

Next him a famous *Southwark* Taylor
 A trusty Whig of equal Valour,
 Rode shouting to the hissing Crowd,
 And crying Liberty aloud,
 Altho' whene'er the Laws o'ercome us,
 His Business is to keep it from us,
 And Tyrant-like to never grant it,
 Unless we pay for't, when we want it.
 So Rebels, that inflame a Nation,
 Whene'er they rise, cry Reformation;
 But if they bring their Betters under,
 Their whole Religion ends in Plunder.

Saint *Luke* the Baptist next appear'd
 Among this wild Republick Herd,

Who

Who, when the best of Queens possess'd,
 The Throne, and all the Kingdom bless'd,
 Could talk High-Treason in his Shop,
 With Tongue more oily than his Soap.
 And wish'd his Firkins turn'd to Barrels,
 Of Powder that by civil Quarrels
 The ~~pitious~~ Faction, might once more
 Subvert the Church and Sov'reign Pow'r,
 And thus his zealous Friends and he
 In greater Readiness might be,
 After he'd Sung a Psalm or two,
 And pray'd as he had wont to do,
 With fiery Zeal and Courage hearty,
 Cast Bullets for the Godly Party,
 Hoping that in a little time
 Rebellion wou'd be thought no Crime,
 And that such Implements once more
 Might wound the *Babylonian* Whore.
 But factious Fools are oft mistaken,
 And lose instead of, save their Bacon.

The King of Evil Spirits next
 Appear'd and in his Mouth a Text ;
 Who does the Publick double Wrong,
 And Poisons these he gets among,
 Both with Geneva and his Tongue :
 For when he rides the Country round,
 Where Fools and Chapmen may be found,
 He does not only drench and drain 'em,
 But with his Doctrines dam and sham 'em.
 Thus sells his Spirits, Cants and Prays,
 And propagates his Trade two ways ;
 Is of their Faith a double Pillar,
 Both Baptist, Preacher, and Distiller ;
 Altho' his Cordials with the Saints,
 Are stronger than his Arguments,
 Yet both intoxicate by Turns,
 One warms their Ears, but t'other burns,
 And makes their Entrails by Degrees
 Much Blacker than their Consciences.

A canting Set does next succeed,
 Who deals in Hops, that bitter Weed ;
 A mighty preaching Saint among
 The Southwark Annabaptist Thr-ong,
 Regarded highly for his Cunning,
 And all the shifts thereto belonging ;
 Yet cannot keep for all his Craft
 The Curse their murder'd Kings have left,
 Upon that Scabby Race, from fretting
 His Wrists, which he relieves at Meering
 By scratching, or by Button Whetting !

Next these an Independant Brother,
 That looks one way and rows another,
 The Dung-Boat Captain of a Squadron
 Of Lighters loaded by the Chaldron,
 And sometimes at the Lay-Stalls where
 He's glad to make a Turd his Fare,
 And waft it up the Thames to sell it
 To th' Gard'ners who delight to smell it.

And prize it when its Old and Mellow,
 As Misers do their Golden Yellow.
 This *Charon* of Fanatick Souls,
 Made black by waisting them and Coals,
 Is rev'renc'd highly by the *Saints*,
 Not for his Worth, but Impudence,
 In daring to blaspheme the Name
 To Mem'ry of the Royal D A M E,
 To whom we owe more thankful Praise,
 Than Heart can wish, or Tongue can raise.

Next these a Lecturer of Note,
 A Preaching Scandal to his Coat,
 A busy prating Fractious Priest
 Advanc'd as joyful as the rest,
 Distinguish'd by his Habit Holy,
 Tho't gave no Sanction to his Folly,
 But made the wiser sort believe
 A Knave was hid in Pudding Sleeve;

To Pulpit rais'd by Whigs, to smother
 The Doctrines of his sacred Mother,
 And to confound his factious Hearers
 With Whiggish and Fanatick Errors,
 Which he had done with Zeal so hearty,
 To curry Favour with his Party,
 That his whole Parish to his Shame,
 Is nick-nam'd Little *Amsterdam*;
 Himself a prating Good-for-Nothing,
 A very Wolf in Shepherd's Cloathing,
 Who does his utmost Forces bend
 To wrong the Church he shou'd defend,
 And Caterpillar like indeed
 Destroys the Tree, by which he's fed.

Among this wild Fanatick Train,
 Appear'd a famous Small-Coal-Man
 Who does not only sell his Ware,
 To this and t'other Maiden fair,

But

But is the noblest Quack in Town,
 Who boasts a *Nostrum* of his own.
 By which alone, 'thout Wit or Fear,
 He kills his Thousands in a Year;
 And when his Talent he employs,
 Best pleases when he most destroys,
 And as the Slaughter proves the greater,
 More Credit gains and thrives the better;
 For Buggy-Bedsteads are in chief
 His Patients, and the best Relief
 He gives 'em, is by fatal Uction,
 By which he kills without Compunction
 And in one Night will poison more
 Than *Warwick-Lane* can do in four.

The next, that did on Horseback strut
 Among this Faction's Rabble Rout,
 Was a pert, little, prating, proud,
 Black Mercer, near the Gate of Lud.

A Presbyterian by Profession

Who rattles with such Indignation

Against the Church as if his Skull

Was not of Brains, but Malice full ;

And that he holds no other Faith,

But what is founded in his Wrath :

For seldom does he break his silence,

But with Inveteracy and Violence ;

And never can keep his busy Tongue

From ill asserting what is Wrong,

But makes a Mock to shew his Folly

Of all that's Rightful True and Holy ;

Is one of Faction's Party Drums,

That rattles wheresoe'er he comes

At Sam's oft beats up Civil Wars,

And sets whole Room fulls by the Ears

But Coward-like has Wit to shun

Th' approaching Danger when he's done

For rather then be beat, he'll run.

This

This Party-Champion with so fierce
 A Tongue, was mounted on a Horse
 He'd borrow'd of a Quaking Saint,
 Who loves to Drink as well as Cant ;
 A Maggot-Monger, by his Trade,
 Who has 'em both in Shop and Head ;
 Yet was not such a Zealot neither,
 To mix with *Kent-street* Mob, but rather
 Consented wisely that his Horse
 Should add his Presence to the Farce
 Altho' his Master hung an Arse.
 Therefore since *Ananias* could not
 Attend the Pomp or may be, would not,
 He prov'd so Civil as to send
 His Horse, and much less worthy Friend,
 Hoping two Brutes in such a Train
 Might serve instead of Horse and Man.

Amidst this pompous Cavalcade,
 The Doctor on his spotted Jade,

Not

Not only made the greatest Jest,
 But the best Show of all the rest;
 Spurring into his Horse new Vigour,
 That both might make the better Figure;
 Attended with his *Indian* Trump,
 And Pacquet-Bearer at his Rump;
 One sounding forth the Victor's Fame
 In Notes adapted to the same,
 Whilst t'other two, strain'd hard to raise
 Their hoarse-flux'd Voices in his Praise,
 And made them a Consort sweeter far,
 Than that which terrify'd the Ear
 Of poor *Belfega*, when 'twas told him;
 His noisy Wife was come to scold him.

The rest were *Hatters, Dyers, Cobblers,*
 Mounted on *Skeletonian Hobblers,*
 Fellows not worth the crazy Tits
 That lamely carry'd 'em thro' the Streets;

ul

D

Just

Just such as follow at the Heels
 Of C—x into St. George's Fields,
 When t'other side and their Instructors
 Cry, *No Horse-killers, no mad Doctors.*

When this ill-favour'd Troop was past,
 Brought up by one who rode the last,
 And did like Mr. Fins look,
 At the End of an old tatter'd Book ;
 Next these ill mounted scare-crow Warriors,
 That mov'd like Northern Pack-Horse Carriers
 Advanc'd the *Southwark* Grenadiers,
 With Rats-Tails tick'd behind their Ears ;
 In tall, tremendous Caps, to fright
 The Boys from Laughing at the sight ;
 All cloath'd in Buff, as we suppose,
 To look more frightful to their Foes,
 With Guns upon their Shoulders ready,
 To guard their *Idol*, and his Lady ;

In

In this good Order and *Decorum*,
 Coaches behind, and Horse before 'em,
 Eight Files of *fracton*, who had stript
 Their Rags off, to be thus equipp'd,
Tom-turd-men, Broom-men, Hostlers, Porters,
 Just started from their drunken Quarters,
 Advanc'd to carry on the Jest,
 In Marshal Pomp, among the rest;
 I led by an *Adamite* of Note,
 Who oft in *Adgering* strains his Throat,
 And tho' sometimes he wears a Sword,
 Can say *Amen*, or spread a T—d;
 A *Whig* that does not only trade
 In *Psalms*, but occupies the Spade,
 And serves, for Profit and for Praise,
 The *Godly*, in these pious Days,
 With Herbs, as well as Ekes and Ays,
 Nor did he think his Buff Appearance,
 With all his Good Old Cause Adherents,
 Enough

Enough to honour him and her,
 Whose Presence made this mighty Stir;
 But he must also bring his young
 Apprentice, bred to spade and Dung,
 To make a florid Speech in Meter,
 Compos'd by a *Fanatick Teacher*,
 In Praise of *Quixot* and his Dame,
 Who stopp'd their Coach, and heard the same,
 Giving five Shillings as a Token
 To him, by whom the Words were spoken;
 But had they giv'n as much agen,
 And made the little Sum up Ten,
 They'd prov'd as generous a Pair,
 As the two Kings of *Brentford* were,
 When they bestow'd an equal Prize
 Upon the Army in Disguise;
 And then the Spokes-Man might have made
 The Answer in the Play, and said,
 Thanks to you both, we have not seen
 So large a Sum the Lord knows when.

The

Tho' but one Leader their Troop,
 They'd two *Lieutenants* at their Poop;
 The one an *Anabaptist* Vi&ler,
 T'other an *Independant* Stickler,
 By Trade a *Tanner*, and a great
 Reformer of the Church and State;
 The first before he venter'd out,
 Took care to line his Skin with Stout,
 That he might prove the more Pot-valiant,
 In case he met with some Assailant.

The other, as he march'd along,
 Stunk of *Raw-Hides* so very strong,
 That the Dogs smelt him in the Rear,
 And bark'd like *Mungrels* at a Bear,
 Expressing at his Arse such Anger,
 As if they thought their Skins in Danger,
 The Curs all knowing well enough
 His Trade, by smelling to his Buff,
 And therefore at the Scent took Snuff.

Thus

Thus the proud Warriors march'd along,
 Surrounded by a noisy Throng,
 Huzza'd by all their *factions* Brothers,
 But pelted, hiss'd, and scold'd by others,
 Till their Buff-Coats were stain'd with Badges
 Of Kennel-Dirt, the only Wages
 They met with from the Loyal Side,
 For hum'ring such insulting Pride;
 A poor Revenge to shew their Spleen
 And Malice to a Lifeless QUEEN,
 Who had deserv'd so much from those
 That triumph'd in their Death, like *Judas*,
 And march'd in Pomp, with Beat of Drum,
 Attended by a *Host* of *Souldiers*,
 Crying aloud, They come, They come.

No sooner were these Tidings heard,
 But Coach and six in State appear'd,
 Wherein I k^d Demi-Gods there lay
 The conqu'ring Idol and his Mate,

Most

Most humbly bowing to the Crowd,
 For fear the Mob should think 'em proud;
 Still courting as they mov'd along,
 The gazing, loud huzzaing Throng,
 Who swarm'd about the Coach for Money,
 Like *Wasps* about a Pot of Honey;
 Rending their Throats each time they hollow'd,
 To please the Ears of those they follow'd,
 Who sat and smil'd on all without,
 Bowing full low at ev'ry Shout;
 Yet blush'd the while, to find so rude
 A Mob express such Gratitude
 For Actions past, when mighty Men
 Look on their Patrons with Disdain,
 And trample with insulting State
 Upon their Dust who made 'em Great.

Next these, in following Coaches came
 The Daughters of the Princely *Damir*,
 Those

Those shining Stars without a Brother,
 So like their Father and their Mother;
 Attended by those Noble Lords
 They'd bound in Matrimonial Cords;
 Their beauteous Ladies so renown'd
 For all the Charms in Woman found;
 Knowing where-e'er they shew their Faces,
 The Crowd must wonder at their Graces,
 And gather round so fair a sight
 By Day, as Moths, who sport by Night,
 Do round a Taper's flaming Light.

Next these, to their immortal Fame,
 Some Low-Church City Elders came,
 In their own Coaches, to attend
 Their High and Mighty valiant Friend
 And to declare their Approbation
 Of his Desigs upon the Nation;
 Old stanch Republican Professors,
 Glass Window sanctify'd Addressors,

Who

Who never bend to Church or Crown;
 But with Intent to pull 'em down ;
 Nor ever compliment or flatter
 Their Princes but to play the Traytor.

Next these, who, like to blazing Stars,
 Portend Domestick Feuds and Wars,
 Came Managers and Bank-Directors,
 King-Killers, Monarchy-Electors,
 And Votaries for Lord-Protectors ;
 That had old subtile Satan spread
 His Net over all the Cavalcade,
 He might at one surprizing Pull
 Have fill'd his low'r Dominions full
 Of Atheists, Rebels, Whigs, and Traytors,
 Reforming Knaves and Regulators ;
 And eas'd at once this Land of more,
 And greater Plagues, than Egypt bore.

In this fine Order they proceeded,
 Much blam'd, altho' but little heeded,

E Moving

Moving from *Kent-street* till they came,
 To old *St. George's Church of Fame*,
 Where neither Ensign was display'd
 To compliment the *Cavalcade*,
 Nor Bells permitted to proclaim
 New *Cromwell*, and his good old *Dame*;
 Which vex'd the *Brewing Knight* so sadly,
 That he behav'd himself so madly;
 And order'd the *fanatick Rout*
 To break the Windows round about
 The sacred Dwelling of the Lord,
 To shew how high'y he ador'd
 God's House, His Clergy, or his Word.

From thence, they mov'd like *Clock-work*
 (thorough
 That squabbling Town call'd *Southwark* Borough,
 Where *Butchers Dogs*, and *Hatters Boys*,
 Hazzard and bark'd t'express their Joys,
 Whilst all the *Lanierian Fry*
 That saw the *Cavalcade* pass by, Welcom'd

Welcom'd their bowing Friends with Peals
 They rung on Cleavers with their Steels,
 That those who knew not the Occasion
 Of such a noisy odd Proceſſion,
 Expected they ſhould find anon
 The ſame to be a Skimington !
 A Riding Neighbours makes in Courſe,
 When the Grey Mare's the better Horſe,
 To terrify thoſe ſcolding Witches
 That fight and wrangle for the Breeches

At length they to the Bridge advanc'd,
 And o'er ſhoſe cockling Peables pranc'd ;
 But as the World, and all therein,
 Are full of Chances unforeſeen,
 That interrupt our wiſeſt Measures
 And ruffle all our ſmoothest Pleaſures
 So here an Accident fell out,
 That much alarm'd the moving Rout ;

E 2

For

For o'er the Arches of the Bridge
 To which both Stream and Tide lay Siege;
 There lives an *Æsculapian* Brother,
 Who lov'd his Country's Royal Mother,
 And thought himself oblig'd to pay
 Due Honours to Her sacred Clay;
 This honest, well designing Son
 Of Loyalty to Church and Throne;
 Unable to behold a Sight
 That savour'd of *fanatick* spirit,
 A vile Procession purely made
 To insult the best of QUEENS when dead,
 And trample o'er Her lifeless Mold,
 Before Her Royal Corps was cold
 Resolv'd to fling a Mouth-Grenade
 Among the *factions* Cavalcade
 And to upbraid 'em for their rude
 Revenge upon a QUEEN so Good
 Accordingly his Post he took
 At his own Door, that he might look

The

The pompous Leaders in the Face
And thus his Loyal Mind express.

Shame on ye all, the factious Scrubs
Ye Sons of Pantiles, and of Tubs,
Poison'd by Dunces up and down
In Holes, who prate 'gainst Church and Crown.
And teach you to insult the best
Of PRINCES now Her Soul's at Rest;
Is this a Time when Thousands Mourn,
For you to make their Grief your SCORN,
And bring your banish'd IDOLS in,
Like *Burton*, *Bassile* and old *Prin*?
Hang down for Shame your prickt up Ears,
Change your indecent Joys to Tears,
And leave the ungrateful Pair to shew
Their MALICE where their Grief is due?

This vex'd the Brewing Knight, who led
The Helter-Skelter Cavalcade,

And

And caus'd him to attempt a Knock
 On *Galen's* Medicinal Block;
 Who fearing the Assault thought fit
 To make a politick Retreat,
 In which he wisely chanc'd to grovel
 Behind the Door for Paring Shovel,
 With which he met, and laying hold
 O th useful Weapon, grew so bold,
 As to advance against the Knight,
 And dare him to renew the Fight;
 But Courage failing when he found,
 His Foe resolv'd to keep his Ground,
 He spurr'd his Horse, and slipp'd away,
 To save himself from bloody Fray,
 And looking upwards where there hung
 St. *George's* Foe with bearded Tongue,
 Altho' a Knight whom Knaves do brag on
 Would combat neither Man nor Dragon,
 But letting fly, upon his Saddle,
 A Cracker as he sat a straddle,

Rode safely off before his Troop,
 With Brewer's Fizzle at his Poop,
 So the poor Hern, when Hawk is near,
 Soars high, and Squatters down for fear.
 However, tho' the Knight withdrew,
 He gave his factious Mob the Loo,
 Who like Fanatick Desperadoes,
 Attack'd the Foe with Dirt-Granadoes,
 Which did not only daub and wound him;
 But brought down Shelves of Slops arround him,
 That what with Dabs the Rabble flung,
 Which in his Peruke clotted hung,
 'Twixt Syrrups, Dirt and *Aqua-vita*
 Poor *Galen* look'd enough to fright ye.
 But as ill Usage makes the Brave
 The more despise the threatening Grave;
 So angry *Galen*, when he found
 His broken Gally-Pots lie round,

Bleeding

mon

Bleeding their Syrrups on the Floor,
 As fresh and red as human Gore,
 Renew'd his Courage with a jerk,
 And fally'd out as fierce as Turk,
 Moving all down that flood before
 His Castles Windows or his Door,
 Forcing the Assailants to retire,
 Well beaten to their Hearts desire,
 Upbraiding every Coach that came,
 With basely trampling to their shame
 On th' Ashes of the Royal D A M E ;
 Which made the Party-Tools within
 Look out ; who finding *Galen's* Sign
 A *Dragon Green*, that Monstrous Beast,
 Believ'd him a *St. George* at least,
 So left him to prepare his Plaisters ;
 For broken Heads, and such Disasters,
 He'd well distributed among
 The factious Mob, who'd done him Wrong,

From

from thence they mov'd thro' Grace-church-street,
 Where fullen Bull Dog chanc'd to meet
 The Horsemen as they march't along
 And Dubnose wondring at the Throng,
 Surpriz'd by Shooting and Drumming,
 Believ'd the Bulls and Bears were coming;
 Accordingly began to lick
 His Lips, and growing Chollerick,
 Mistook as if the silly Dog,
 Had been begot in Land of Bog,
 And in his Heat and Fury made
 A Bull of a FANATICK Jade;
 Proving in his Attack so fierce,
 That he had pull'd down Man and Horse,
 Had not the Mob, by Pots made Valiant,
 Stept in, and kill'd the poor Assailant.
 From thence thro' London-street they mov'd
 His'd, pelv'd, scoff'd, and much reprov'd,

F

Hazza'd

Huzza'd by none but Butchers Boys
 And Rabble that delight in Noise,
 Who only gather into Routs
 To please themselves with merry Bouts
 For those that glory in their Shouts.

Thus on they march'd, much Joy exprest,
 Till past St. *Dunstan's* in the West,
 Where Providence, as some conclude
 Broke down the Wheels of *Gratitude*;
 And let the *IDOL* drop to show,
 The highest Pride may tumble low.
 Some shook their Heads at the Misfortune,
 And cry'd 'twas Ominous for Certain,
 From thence most wisely did Conjecture,
 This Year he would not be *P*—
 As he that backward flings his Chair,
 Desponds that Year and being May'r
 Some recollected pious NOLL
 Had once upon a Time a Fall

From

From out his Coach Box which portended
His Reign soon after should be ended.

As he and many more believed ;

Nor were they in their Guess deceived :

For from that Hour as some report,

He took the Accident to Heart ;

Reflected on the Ground that caught him,

And dwindl'd till the Devil fetch'd him.

Pray God the like may not attend

This Nations disappointed Friend !

After a little Hurly-Burly,

Some Laughing, others looking Surly,

The lame Old Pair, by Help of Crutch

Remov'd into a following Coach,

And angry that their Wheels should rend,

Proceeding to their Journey's End ;

Leaving all Parties to deride

Their spiteful, and indecent Pride.

MORAL.

M O R A L

THUS when Revenge does Reason's Scepter wield,
 It turns the Wisest Statesman to a Fool;
 Eclipses Fame, precipitates the Brave
 Into rash Errors scorn'd by ev'ry Slave,
 Then let's with Reason punish or forgive,
 And ne'er forget the Bounties we receive,
 For when the Great no Gratitude can boast
 Their other Vertues are intirely lost.

F I N I S



M O R A L